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People who like to own table-silver, porcelain or pottery of an individual note made by special workers in the crafts would do well to visit the Little Gallery, 15 East Fortieth Street, New York and see what artists in objects for the home are doing. The New York Society of Ceramic Arts held there its exhibition, its twenty-fifth annual, during March. Some of the candelabra and bowls for flowers in brass show the call made by persons of taste for simple and finely modeled objects rather than pieces heavily ornamented with the purpose of offering "much for the money." Carvings in wood and jewelry with a personal stamp employing semi-precious stones set in silver and gold are to be found at the Little Gallery which is largely frequented by persons who are looking for modern work unlike the machine-made things that overflow the shops. The objects come from all parts of the United States.

THE REALLY ABLE MAN

Samuel Butler in *The Way of All Flesh*: "I tell you, Edward," my father would say to me "old Pontifex was not only an able man, but he was one of the very ablest men that ever I knew."

This was more than I as a young man was prepared to stand. "My dear father" I answered "What did he do? He could draw a little, but could he to save his life have got a picture into the Royal Academy exhibition? He built two organs and could play the Minuet in *Sanson* on one, and the March in *Scipio* on the other; he was a good carpenter and a bit of a wag; he was a good old fellow enough, but why make him out so much abler than he was?"

"My boy" returned my father "you must not judge by the work, but by the work in connection with the surroundings. Could Giotto or Filippo Lippi, think you, have got a picture into the Exhibition? Would a single one of those frescoes we went to see when we were at Padua have the remotest chance of being hung, if it were sent in for exhibition now? Why, the Academy people would be so outraged that they would not even write to poor Giotto to tell him to come and take his fresco away! Phew!" continued he, waxing warm "if old Pontifex had had Cromwell's chance he would have done all that Cromwell did and have done it better. If he had had Giotto's chances, he would have done all that Giotto did and done it no worse. As it was, he was a village carpenter—and I will undertake to say that he never scamped a job in the whole course of his life."

"But" said I "we cannot judge people with so many 'ifs'. If old Pontifex had lived in Giotto's time he might have been another Giotto, but he did not live in Giotto's time."

"I tell you, Edward" said my father with some severity "we must judge men not so much by what they do, as by what they make us feel that they have it in them to do. If a man has done enough, either in painting, music or the affairs of life to make me feel that I might trust him in an emergency, he has done enough. It is not by what a man has actually put upon his canvas—nor yet by the acts which he has set down, so to speak, upon the canvas of his life—that I will judge him, but by what he makes me feel that he felt and aimed

at. If he has made me feel that he felt those things to be lovable which I hold lovable myself, I will ask no more; his grammar may have been imperfect; but still I have understood him; he and I are *en rapport*; and I say again, Edward, that old Pontifex was not only an able man, but one of the very ablest men I ever knew."

Another organization has been formed by some of the engravers, etchers and etchers notwithstanding the foundation of the Institute of Graphic Arts; a smaller, closer corporation is intended, with a maximum of professional and a minimum of lay membership. It is called The Painter-Gravers of America and its Secretary-Treasurer is Mr. Mielziner at 52 West Twelfth Street. Patron members pay ten dollars per annum and receive invitations to private views when the Painter-Gravers hold exhibition; moreover they receive the year-book which contains at least one original lithograph, etching or engraving, proofs taken of such plate being included in the year-book. They hold a remarkably comprehensive and interesting exhibit this month at their gallery 26 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

THE ART CRITIC

(And Other Critics, If You Will)

The critic is not to blame. He can't help it. He is obsessed by an idea. It is irresistible. As the artist is compelled to create by the impelling force of desire, so the critic decides and explains.

The critic begins by explaining to himself. That is to say he translates from the sense impression to the idea. Not being naturally sensitive or particularly interested in the beautifying of a surface in the realm of shapes and colors, he must bring it into his more familiar world, the world of ideas. He makes it his own. He then becomes in love with his idea.

Pictures are now interesting to him in so much as they conform to this idea. Having so successfully convinced himself, he seeks disciples. He teaches by word. As most people understand the word and don't understand art, the word is accepted and a new gospel established. Thus we have fads in art and the people enjoy pictures with their ears.

I confess we owe the artist a double debt of gratitude.

Apropos. On leaving the gallery.

Mrs. A. How did you enjoy the pictures?

Mrs. B. Oh, wonderfully! I was so fortunate! I met Mr. C. the critic. He spent a whole hour explaining them to me. He is so interesting. Such a wonderful talker!

E. C. the Passerby

SOME AMERICAN ETCHERS

Half a dozen etchers or more are to be seen at The Print Gallery, 707 Fifth Avenue, New York, whose work varied from the pure line drawings on copper by A. A. Blum—"The Wave," "The Comet"—etchings in which fantastic figures of